CAMPBELL PRESS

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VOLUME 33, NUMBER 9 — CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA — TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1929

Current Comment

Several weeks ago we predicted a Hallowe'en free of casualties. It is the last time we predict anything—until after it has happened. In the valley alone the Hallowe'en reports were not enviable. In a southern valley town a lad was shot in the back by a rifle bullet fired at "random." The boy is dead. A Los Gatos night watchman shot a youngster who was engaged in the vicious act of "soaping" a window, mutilating a hand. On the other side of the score sheet we have the tally of Campbell youngsters, one of whom cast a tomato through a window, the flying glass cutting an occupant of the house. Shortly thereafter hoodlums, in an automobile, heaved a tomato through the windshield of a young woman's car. She was severely cut about the face, and narrowly missed losing an eye, from which 17 pieces of glass were extracted. The latter act, we are sure, was not the work of young boys. There are, however, a number of would-be "tough guys" about the village to whom the criminal act could easily be attributed. It is unfortunate that youngsters and grown-ups alike cannot confine themselves to that elusive state, the happy medium. Boys and girls should not indulge in dangerous and destructive acts at Hallowe'en—or any other time, and adults most certainly should not cut loose upon them, under any circumstances, with a lethal weapon.

The frenzied fluctuations — mostly down—of stocks and bonds the past two weeks furnished a most entertaining spectacle. Some people regarded the fall of stocks as an introductory paragraph to a national panic. Wiser men, possessing stocks, sat tight and let them ride. Many of them borrowed money to increase their holdings at extremely low prices which prevailed. Millions of suckers, buying on margin, bit the dust—and a much smaller group of already wealthy men "cleaned up." It was a painful lesson to many people, who will hereafter buy their [illegible] outright or not [illegible] all.

A machine has been invented —and offered to the prohibition enforcement officers—with which, by means of a kind of X-ray, all activities within a dwelling could be observed by the possessor of the machine. We doubt very much the claims of the inventor. But if his machine will do what he claims it will, anyone, be he officer or civilian, who is caught using one for any purpose whatever, should be shot on sight. It is becoming increasingly difficult for private individuals to escape the persecution of the "drys." A machine which could invade the privacy of the home to the extent described above, would, in our opinion, be the last straw.

In the good old days knights sallied forth on white chargers to do this and that. Today John Law sallies forth in a white automobile to see that you and everybody else obey the traffic regulations. A recent rule says that state highway patrolmen are obliged to paint their cars white. Some of the boys have beautiful looking "jobs." On consolation is that they are easy to identify.

Old Settlers Day will be with us again in about three and a half months. It has been suggested that the afternoon entertainment be in the form of a suitable pageant. If the people of Campbell are going to undertake anything as difficult as that, the time to start preparations is right now. There are a thousand and one details connected with the presentation of a well-done pageant that cannot be attended to at the last minute. Anyone who has suggestions to make in regard to entertainment for Old Settlers Day will do well to make them public. Yes, we'll print 'em.

Mrs. Hattie Adams recently entertained a group of 25 youngsters at a porch party at her home on Dillon avenue. Dialogues and singing with Mrs. Fitzgerald at the piano featured the evening's program.

CONSERVATIONISTS VICTORIOUS HERE; 355 FOR, 26 NAYES

An extremely light vote cast here on the conservation district proposition indicates that non-property owners were inclined to let holders of real estate have the say about the conservation district. Only 381 votes were cast, these representing approximately five precincts. Of the ballots cast 355 voted yes and 26 no.

The district went overwhelmingly "wet," the vote, which was very light, being 5,389 to 604.

Local Concern Adopts Novel Ad Scheme

Inaugurating a plan of advertising that establishes a precedent locally, the Haliwell & Jones Service Station, in this issue of the Press, begins publication of a regular weekly column to be known as "Just For Fun." This column will contain a riot of humor and comment that is certain to hold the keen interest of every reader of this paper, according to Frank Haliwell of that company.

Mr. Haliwell, commenting further on this new advertising feature stated, "It has been our observation for some time that advertising copy as offered in practically every newspaper, concentrates too much on the merchandising angle. The entire effort is to sell, sell, sell. The public surely must tire of this use of printer's ink, and it is with that idea in mind that we hope to add a little seasoning to our advertising in order to hold the reader interest of our friends and customers. We will comment on people and things locally and elsewhere. Where names are mentioned, it will be in the spirit of good humor and with the purpose of offering good, wholesome fun."

Mr. Haliwell stated in conclusion that the feature, together with local names mentioned from time to time, would carry two regular characters, one a female personage known as Maud Muffins, and the other a man, Doakes McBathwater. This column will appear in every issue of the Press.

Industrial and Financial Review

By William McMahon, President McMAHON'S MARKET DIGEST

The recent market slump is fast receding into history, and like the tragic circumstances that occasionally come into all our lives, grows less important as it goes on. After Thursday, Oct. 24, when prices fell like a lead plummet, there was no question of a recovery. Not only were the big banks ready to toss more and more millions into the market, but large industrial corporations offered their hundreds of millions as well.

These men knew the situation and were willing to buy stocks and did buy them. They are buying them now and will continue to buy, for the simple reason that hundreds of common stocks are good, solid investments.

Now we are all partial to certain issues. Every stock has its partisans, and if someone didn't buy them, they would not appear in the quotations.

It would seem to be a mistake for us to buy a stock, no matter how much it in the last decline receded and no matter how prominent in the public eye, if at the current price it would be selling at ten or 15 or 20 times current earnings. It is all very well to consider prospects but we must not close our eyes to the present valuations. Stock issues which seem good to us are, Norfolk & Western railroad, Raybestos Manhattan, Allis Chalmers, Chysler Baltimore & Ohio railroad, Kennecott Copper and Republic Iron & Steel.

If anything is to be learned from such severe lessons as have been forced upon us lately, it is that we must select stocks with an eye more to their investment than to their speculative features, that we never should buy any stock unless the yield is at least four and one half per cent, that such yield should accompany strong asset value, a record of satisfactory earnings and a wide margin of earnings over dividends. Furthermore, we ought to buy such stocks outright, and in order never again to be forced into mob action, we should be qualified to judge and to appraise any given issues without anyone's assistance, so that thereby we may become the masters of our own financial fate, the captains of our own financial souls.

Vamping Him — By Albert T. Reid

Pundita Circle Sponsors Annual "Dads' Night"

About 35 were present at the "Dads' Night" entertainment put on by the Pundita Circle last Wednesday evening. The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. York was the scene of the party.

It was a costume affair, featuring many clever and original get-ups. Mrs. L. J. Carboni was given first prize for costume. She represented a colored flapper.

Following the grand march the company engaged in seasonal pastimes and enjoyed refreshments.

Lon Chaney On Bill At Local Show House

The proprietors of the Campbell theater, S. W. and M. R. Dodds, are going 50-50 with the Camp Fire girls in putting on a picture at that theater today and tomorrow, Nov. 5 and 6. The picture is "Thunder," featuring Lon Chaney. This is a late release and a very good one. Every one is urged to attend.

$20,000 FIRE BURNS SIXTY TONS PRUNES

A fire at the M. Sanfilipo ranch on Winchester road early Wednesday morning destroyed a barn, drying shed, farm implements and about 60 tons of prunes. The family was away and the fire was first noticed by a neighbor. The ranch lies outside the fire district, but an attempt was made to extinguish the blaze with water passed by a bucket brigade. The blaze was too fierce to be put out by this method, however.

Mr. Sanfilipo stated that he is at a loss to know how the fire started. The damage was estimated at $20,000, part of which was covered by insurance.

Miss Olive Hanger spent the week-end in Stockton to meet a number of friends at homecoming week at the College of the Pacific.

ACCIDENTS FEATURE HALLOWE'EN EVE IN CAMPBELL, 1 HURT

Hallowe'en night in Campbell was featured by two "accidents." The first occurred when a ripe tomato was hurled at a lantern hanging on the porch of the Congregational manse, where a party was in progress. The aim of the marksman was not so good, the fruit missing the target by a wide margin, finding instead a nice, large pane of glass. Flying bits of the window glass struck Master Richard Morton, inflicting minor cuts upon his neck. Had he been facing the window a very serious injury might have been sustained.

Following the party Miss Dorothy Merriman, teacher and aide in the young people's work in the Congregational church, drove a number of youngsters to their homes. Enroute a tomato was thrown forcibly through the open window of her car, breaking her glasses which inflicted painful lacerations to her face. Dr. W. I. Merrill took four stitches in the wound and removed 17 pieces of glass from her eye. Miss Merriman held classes Monday morning, despite her injuries.

Grammar P. T. A. Hears Miss Control

The Campbell grammar school P. T. A. met Monday afternoon in the kindergarten room of the grammar school, with Mrs. William Lester presiding. Miss Edna Control of San Francisco, who represents the State Educational association, spoke on "Speech Defects." There were several other instructive addresses. A number of dances were also given in the entertainment hour, one dance featuring a group of pupils from the Vivian Johnston School of Dancing. Those taking part were Betty Lester, Evelyn Lester, Geraldine Jurras and Sunny Vrana.

Isedore Lecureuil, who lives six miles from Santa Cruz, walked that distance, got on a train, arrived at Vasona station and from there walked two miles to the B. O. Curry home to spend Monday with them. Upon leaving Curry's he walked to Los Gatos and rode from there back to Santa Cruz, and walked six miles to his home. Mr. Lecureuil is 77 years old and says he doesn't want to be "stout in flesh, but stout in mind." Therefore he walks many miles a day.

Woman's Club Prog On Children's Books

At the Monday meetin gof the Country Woman's club the president, Mrs. D. H. Cramer, and Mesdames C. H. Whitman, M. E. Purmort and H. C. Smith gave brief reports on the county federation meeting held recently at Morgan Hill.

The club voted to entertain the federation here in April.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsley presented the report of the card party. She said that the net proceeds would be approximately $90, which is very gratifying to the club.

The topic for the afternoon's discussion was children's books, and it proved to be a very interesting subject. Mrs. Harry Lohr had prepared lists of books which were distributed to the members for future reference. These lists had been very carefully compiled by Miss Emelyn Beattie of the San Jose Teachers' college library and Miss Elizabeth Kennedy of the county library. Some were taken from Good Housekeeping and Better Homes and Gardens magazines.

Mrs. Lohr also gave an interesting paper on "Reasons for giving children books." These included pride in ownership, to create the book habit, to develop imagination and emotions, to develop a taste for good liteerature and to help their teachers by giving them a background of general knowledge in nature, geography and history.

Kindergarten youngsters entertained with songs and a presentation of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." Miss Beattie, who conducts story hours in San Jose, was present and entertained the children with several stories and followed them with an instructive talks to the grown-ups on types of books for children of various ages.

The chairman, Mrs. E. R. Kennedy, read a carefully prepared paper on "The trend of children's literature in the light of modern psychology." She traced the development of books from the very few of the sixteenth centruy, which were all strictly instructive, through the next era where they all pointedly painted a moral to the present great variety of good, bad and indifferent books.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith of Soquel were visiting at the H. C. Smith home over the week-end. They left Monday afternoon for a week's vacation in San Francisco.

Harold Cramer sustained a fractured ankle last week while wrestling at Stanford.

CHEST DRIVE TO OPEN NOV. 13; R. HYDE IN CHARGE

Wednesday, Nov. 13, the Community Chest of Santa Clara county starts its annual drive for funds with which to finance the operating of the 27 agencies that comprise the Chest. The campaign for subscriptions is to continue until November 21.

The whole of Santa Clara county is preparing to respond to this appeal. This community is under the direction of Ralph H. Hyde, and by him Campbell has been divided into four districts within the fire district. The town is cut east and west by Campbell avenue and north and south by Central avenue. C. H. Whitman is captain of the northeast section, T. A. Cutting of the northwest, Ed Merrill, southeast, and G. E. Farley, southwest. The outlying district, which is the part of the Campbell school district which lies outside the fire district, will be solicited by Mark Purmort.

Louis Shelley is captain of the Cambrian district; W. R. Coupland, Hamilton; J. E. Wiesendanger, Moreland and Meridian; Wilbur Mitchell, San Tomas, D. H. Cramer, high school, and I. R. Abbott, grammar school. Ralph Hyde is major of this district. Under the captains of the various districts are helpers who will aid in the drive. All workers are responsible to Mr. Hyde, who has devoted much time to the organization of the district.

The entire personnel of division "F," which includes Campbell, is to meet at campaign headquarters at 11 o'clock next Monday morning to receive final instructions

Be prepared to bring the drive to a speedy and successful close.

Campbell Youngster Takes Third Place In W. C. Essay Contest

Seeking to bring about a better understanding of the water conservation move, the Water Conservation association of the Santa Clara valley offered $99 in cash prizes for grammar school essays on the water conservation problem. Prizes were presented during a program at the Woodrow Wilson junior high school in San Jose last week.

Marion Peake, high seventh grade pupil in the local school, daughter of Mrs. F. E. Peake of Winchester road, won third prize in the contest open to the schools having eight or more teachers.

One Act Play Put On At P. T. A. Meeting

The high school P. T. A. held an enjoyable affair at the high school annex last week. The main feature of the program was a one act play coached by Mrs. M. F. Hughes, "Advertising for a Husband." The presentation was a comical skit and was well-played by Ethel Kirk, Clyde Hughes, Ed Hubbard and Dan Furtado.

D. H. Cramer sang two solos, "Neapolitan Nights," and "In a Quaint Old-Fashioned Town," accompanied by Mrs. Cramer at the piano. Mrs. H. M. Shadle sang "Oh, Dry Those Tears,' and "When Song is Sweet," with Dr. W. I. Merrill.

Refreshments were served cafeteria style.

Miss Lois Gardner Entertains At Bridge

Miss Lois Gardner was hostess to a group of friends Thursday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. Lawrence Neville in San Jose.

The rooms were prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and Hallowe'en trimmings. Several tables of bridge were played.

An unusually dainty collation, in the preparation of which the hostess is especially gifted, was served at the conclusion of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Santa Rosa were visiting with Miss Jessie Lewis last week.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

WNU Service

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XI—Continued

—12—

It was a messenger. Confusedly I took the flimsy envelope and tore it open. Blankly I stared at the line of type. I stared like a new man in a dream. I was sober enough now.

"Ain't you coming?" said Blossom, putting her arms round me.

"No," I said hoarsely, "leave me, please leave me. Oh, my God!"

Her face changed, became vindictive, the face of a fury.

"Curse you!" she hissed. "Oh, I knew. It's that other, that white-faced doll you care for. Look at me! Am I not better than her? And you scorn me. Oh, I hate you. I'll get even with you and her. Curse you, curse you—"

She snatched up an empty wine bottle. Swinging it by the neck she struck me square on the forehead. I felt the stunning blow, a warm rush of blood. Then I fell forward, and all the lights seemed to go out.

There I lay in a heap, and the blood spurting from my wound soaked the little piece of paper. On it was written:

"Mother died this morning. Garry."

* * * * * * *

"Where am I?"

"Here with me."

Low and sweet and tender was the voice. I was in bed and my head was heavily bandaged, so that the cloths weighed upon my eyelids. By my bedside some one was sitting, and a soft, gentle hand was holding mine.

"Is that you, Berna?"

"Yes, please don't talk."

I thrilled with a sudden sweetness of joy. A flood of sunshine bathed me. It was all over, then, the turmoil, the storm, the shipwreck. I was drifting on a tranquil ocean of content. Blissfully I closed my eyes.

Yet there was something, some memory darker than the others, some shadow of shadows that baffled me. As I battled with the growing terror and suspense, it all came back to me, the telegram, the news, my collapse. A great grief welled up in me, and in my agony I spoke to the girl.

"Berna, tell me, is it true? Is my mother dead?"

"It is true, dear. You must try to bear it bravely."

I could feel her bending over me, could feel her hand holding mine, could feel her hair brush my cheek, yet I forgot even her just then. I thought only of mother, of her devotion and of how little I had done to deserve it. So this was the end: a narrow grave, a rending grief and the haunting specter of reproach.

My sobs were choking me, and Berna was holding my hand very tightly. Yet in a little I grew calmer.

"Berna," I said, "I've only got you now, only you, little girl. So you must love me, you mustn't leave me."

"I'll never leave you—if you want me to stay."

"God bless you, dear. I can't tell you the comfort you are to me. I'll try to be quiet now."

I will always remember those days as I grew slowly well again. Berna left me much alone, alone with my thoughts. Often when all was quiet I knew she was sitting there beyond the curtain, sitting thinking, thinking, just as I was thinking. Quiet was the keynote of our life, quiet and sunshine. That little cabin might have been a hundred miles from the gold-born city. It was so quiet. How sweet she looked in her spotless home attire, her neat waist, her white apron with bib and sleeves, her general air of a little housewife. And never was there so devoted a nurse.

It was sweet prolonging my convalescence, yet the time came when I could not longer let her wait upon me. What was going to happen to us? Was ever a stranger situation? She slept in the little kitchen, and between us there was but that curtain. The faintest draught stirred it. There I lay through the long, long night in that quiet cabin. I heard her breathing. Sometimes even I heard her murmur in her sleep. I knew she was there, within a few yards of me. I thought of her always. I loved her beyond all else on earth. I was gaining daily in health and strength, yet not for the wealth of the world would I have passed that little curtain. She was as safe there as if she were guarded with swords. And she knew it.

"I'll play the game fair," I said to myself. "I must be very careful. Our position was full of danger. So I forced myself to be cold to her and she looked both surprised and pained at the change in me. Her heart was innocent, and she could not understand my sudden coldness. The girl was winsome beyond words, and I knew I had but to say it and she would come to me. Yet I checked myself. I retreated behind a barrier of reserve. "Play the game," I said; "play the game."

So as I grew better and stronger she seemed to lose her cheerfulness. Always she had that anxious, wistful look. Once came a sound from the kitchen like stifled sobbing, and in the night I heard her cry. Then the time came when I was well enough to get up to go away.

I dressed, looking like the cadaverous ghost I felt myself to be. She was there in the kitchen sitting quietly, waiting.

"Berna," I called

She came, with a smile lighting up her face.

"I'm going."

The smile vanished, and left her with that high proud look, yet behind it was a lurking fear.

"Are you ready?" I went on.

"Ready?"

"Yes, you're going, too."

"Where?"

I took her suddenly in my arms.

"Why, you dear little angel, to get married, of course. Come on, Berna, we'll find the nearest parson. We won't lose any more precious time."

Then a great rush of tears came into her eyes. But still she hung back. She shook her head.

"Why, Berna, what's the matter? Won't you come? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you. It's because I love you I won't come."

"Won't you marry me?"

"No, no, I can't. You know what I said before. I haven't changed any. I'm still the same—dishonored girl. And everybody knows. No, I could never marry you, never take your name, never bind you to me. You must go away, or—stay."

"Stay?"

"Yes. You've been living alone with me for a month. I picked you up that night in the dance hall. I had you brought here. I nursed you. Do you think people don't give us credit for the worst? I am supposed to be your mistress. Everybody knows; nobody cares. There are so many living that way here."

"What shall I do?"

"Just stay. Oh, why can't we go on as we've been doing? What does the ceremony matter? We love each other. Isn't that the real marriage? It's more; it's ideal. We'll both be free to go if we wish. There will be no bonds but those of love. Oh, stay, stay!"

Her arms were round my neck. The gray eyes were full of pleading. The sweet lips had the old, pathetic droop. I yielded to the empery of love.

"Well," I said, "we will go on awhile on one condition, that by-and-by you marry me."

"Yes, I will, I will, I promise. If you don't tire of me; if you are sure beyond all doubt you will never regret it, then I will marry you with the greatest joy in the world."

So it came about that I stayed.

* * * * * * *

The year following, in which Berna and I kept house, was not altogether a happy one. Somehow we had both just missed something. The thought of her terrible experience haunted her, I knew, and I, too, suffered.

I tried to make her forget, yet I could not succeed; and even in my most happy moments there was always the shadow of Locasto; there was always a fear, the fear of his return.

My partners and I were up to our necks in business these days. Our Gold hill property had turned out well. Jim was busy installing his hydraulic plant on Ophir creek, and altogether we had enough to think about. I had set my heart on making a hundred thousand dollars, and as things were looking it seemed as if two more years would bring me to that mark.

"Then," said I to Berna, "we'll go and travel all over the world, and do it in style."

"Will we, dear?" she answered tenderly. "But I don't want money much now, and I don't know that I care so much about travel either. What I would like would be to go to your home, settle down, and live quietly."

She was greatly interested in my description of Glengyle. Particularly was she interested in my accounts of Garry, and rather scoffed at my enthusiastic description of him.

"Oh, that wonderful brother of yours! One would think he was a small god, to hear you talk. I declare, I'm half afraid of him. Do you think he would like me?"

"He would love you, little girl; anyone would."

"Don't be foolish," she chided me. And then she drew my head down and kissed me.

"Oh, I'm so happy," she said with a sigh.

"Are you, dearest?" I caressed the soft floss of her hair.

Aye, she was happy, and I will always bless the memory of those days, and thank God I was the means of bringing a little gladness into her marred life. She was happy, and yet we were living in what society would call sin. Conventionally we were not man and wife, and yet never were man and wife more devoted, more self respecting. Never were man and wife endowed with purer ideals, with a more exalted conception of the sanctity of love.

CHAPTER XII

TWO men were crawling over the winter-locked plain. One, the leader, was of great bulk and of a vast strength; while the other was small and wiry, of the breed that clings like a louse to life while better men perish.

The small man was breaking trail. Down almost to his knees in the soft snow, he sank at every step; yet ever he dragged a foot painfully upward, and made another forward plunge.

"Come on there, you darned little shrimp, get a move on you," growled the big man from within the frost-fringed hood of his parka.

The little man started as if galvanized into sudden life. His eyes thickly wadded with frost, glared out with the fear of a hunted beast.

"Curse him, curse him," he whimpered; but once more he lifted those leaden snowshoes and staggered on.

The big man lashed fiercely at the dogs, and as they screamed at his blows he laughed cruelly.

"Mush on there, you curs, or I'll cut you in two," he stormed, and the heavy whip fell on the yelling pack. They were pulling for all they were worth, their heads down, their shoulders squared. Their breath came pantingly, their tongues gleamed redly, their white teeth shone.

Weary and worn were men and dogs as they struggled onward in the growing gloom, but because of the feeling in his heart the little man no longer was conscious of bodily pain. It was black murder that raged there.

At last they reached the forest fringe, and after a few harsh directions the big man had the little one making camp. The little man worked with a strange willingness. As he gathered the firewood and

With a Final Growl of Fury He Started in Pursuit.

filled the Yukon stove he hummed a merry air. He produced sour-dough bread (which he fried in bacon fat), and some dried moose-meat.

To men of the trail this was a treat. They ate ravenously, but they did not speak.

The silence was broken by a whining and a scratching outside. It was the five dogs crying for their supper, crying for the frozen fish they had earned so well. They wondered why it was not forthcoming.

"Dog feed all gone?"

"Yep," said the small man.

"H—l! I'll silence these brutes anyway."

He went to the door and laid onto them so that they slunk away into the shadows. But they did not bury themselves in the snow and sleep. They continued to growl round the tent, hunger-mad and desperate.

Then, rolling himself in a robe the big man lay down and slept.

The little man did not sleep. He was still turning over the thought that had come to him. Outside in the atrocious cold the whining malamutes crept nearer and nearer. In the agonies of hunger, they cried for fish, and there was none for them, only kicks and curses. They howled their woes to the weary men.

The little man crawled into his sleeping bag, but he did not close his eyes. He was watching.

About dawn he rose. An evil dawn it was, sallow, sinister and askew.

The little man selected the heavy-handled whip for the job. Carefully he felt its butt, then he struck. It was a shrewd blow, and neatly delivered, for the little man had been in the business before. It fell on the big man's head and he crumpled up. Then the little man took some rawhide thongs and trussed up his victim.

He gathered up the rest of the provisions, made a pack of the food and lashed it on his back. Then, after a final look of gloating hate, he went off and left the big man to his fate. At last the Worm had turned.

* * * * * * *

The dogs were closing in. Nearer and nearer they drew. They wondered why their master did not wake; they wondered why the little tent was so still; why no plume of smoke rose from the slim stovepipe. All was oddly quiet and lifeless. Closer and closer they crept to the silent tent.

The man opened his eyes. With in a foot of his face were the fangs of a malamute. At his slight movement it drew back with a snarl, and retreated to the door. Locasto could see the other dogs crouching and eyeing him fixedly. What could be the matter? What had gotten into the brutes? Where was the Worm? Where were the provisions? Why was the tent flap open and the stove stone-cold? Then with a dawning comprehension that he had been deserted. Locasto uttered a curse and tried to rise.

At first he thought he was stiff with cold, but a downward glance showed him his condition. He was helpless. He grew sick at the pit of his stomach, and glared at the dogs. They were drawing in on him. Their gleaming teeth snapped in his face. Violently he shuddered. He must try to free himself, so that he could fight.

Grimly the Worm had done his work, but he had hardly reckoned on the strength of this man. With a vast throe of fear he tried to free himself. Tenser, tenser grew the thongs; they strained, they bit into his flesh, but they would not break. Yet as he relaxed it seemed to him they were less tight. He made another giant effort. Once again he felt the thongs strain and strain; then, when he ceased, he imagined they were still looser.

The dogs seemed to have lost all fear. They smelled the blood on his head, and a slaver ran from their jaws. Again he cursed them, but this time they did not move. They seemed to realize he could not harm them.

Again he tried to get free. Now he fancied he could move his arm a little. He must hurry, for every instant the malamutes were growing bolder. Another strain and a wrench. Ha! he was able to squeeze his right arm from under the rawhide. Quickly he wrenched out his other arm. He was just in time, for the dogs were upon him.

He struggled to his knees and shielded his head with his arms. Wildly he swung at the nearest dog. Full on the face he struck it, and it shot back as if hit by a bullet. But the others were on him. Two of them were making for his face. As he lay on his back he gripped each by the throat. In his grip of steel they struggled to free themselves in vain. With his huge hands he was choking them, choking them to death, using them as a shield against the other three. Then slowly he worked himself into a sitting position. He hurled one of the dogs to the tent door. He swung bludgeon blows at the others. They fled yelping and howling.

Then he rose and freed himself from the remaining thongs. He was torn and cut and bleeding, but he had triumphed.

"Oh, the devil!" he growled, grinding his teeth. "He's taken everything, the scum! Left me to starve! Ha! one thing he's forgotten—the matches. At least I can keep warm."

He picked up the canister of matches and relit the stove.

"I'll kill him for this," he muttered. "Night and day I'll follow him. I'll camp on his trail till I find him. Then—I'll torture him; I'll strip him and leave him naked in the snow."

He slipped into his snowshoes, gave a last look around to see that no food had been left, and with a final growl of fury he started in pursuit.

He had a thought of capturing the dogs and hitching them up; but, thoroughly terrified, they retreated into the wods. To overtake this man, to glut his lust for revenge, he must depend on his own endurance.

So, with head bowed and shoulders sloping forward, Jack Locasto darted on the track of the Worm.

He came to where the fugitive had made a camp. There were the ashes of a fire.

"Curse him; he's got some matches after all," he said with bitter chagrin. Eagerly he searched all around in the snow to see if he could not find even a crumb of food. There was nothing. He pushed on. Night fell and he was forced to make camp.

Oh, he was hungry! "If I only had a tin to boil water in," he muttered; "there's lots of reindeer moss, and I could stew some of my mucklucks. Ah! I'll try and roast a bit of them."

He cut a strip from the Indian boots he was wearing, and held it over the fire. The hair singed away and the corners crisped and charred. He put it in his mouth. It was pleasantly warm, but even his strong teeth refused to meet in it. However, he tore it into smaller pieces, and bolted them.

At last the dawn came, that evil, sneaking corpselike dawn, and Locasto flung himself once more on the trail. He was not feeling so fit now. Hunger and loss of blood had weakened him so that his stride insensibly shortened, and his step had lost its spring. However, he plodded on doggedly, an incarnation of vengeance and hate.

Beyond a doubt he was growing weaker. Once or twice he stumbled, and the last time he lay a few moments before rising. He wanted to rest badly. Then night came and he built another giant fire.

Again he bolted down some roasted muckluck. He had to make tremendous efforts to keep from sleeping. Several times he drowsed forward, and almost fell into the fire. At dawn the sky was leaden with cold less despotic. Stretching interminably ahead was that lonely snowshoe trail. Locasto was puzzled.

"Where in creation is the little devil going to, anyway?" he said, knitting his brows. "I figured he'd make direct for Dawson, but he's either changed his mind or got a wrong steer. By heavens, that's it—the little varmint's lost his way."

Locasto had an Indian's unerring sense of location.

"I guess I can't afford to follow him any more," he reflected. "I've gone too far already. I'm all petered out. I'll have to let him go in the meantime. It's save yourself, Jack Locasto, while there's yet time. Me for Dawson."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POULTRY

SOY BEANS USEFUL IN LAYING RATION

Vegetable Protein Concentrates Used in Test.

Recent experiments with the use of vegetable protein concentrates have shown that a complete or at least a partial substitution may be made. The work has been largely with cottonseed and soy bean meal with little if any work on ground soy beans. The success of these vegetable protein concentrates depends upon two factors. First a larger amount is necessary in the mash because they do not run as high in protein as do meat scrap and tankage. Second, since they are low in mineral, additional mineral must be added to make up for this deficiency. The Missouri agricultural experiment station has fed the following mash to laying hens:

Bran	22 lbs.
Shorts	22 lbs.
Corn meal	22 lbs.
Cottonseed or soy bean meal	30 lbs.
Bone meal	4 lbs.
Salt	1 lb.

The above mash constituted about one-third of the ration. It was kept before the hens all the time and in addition a moist, crumbly mash was fed once daily. No meat or milk was employed in the diet. The balance of the ration consisted of corn and oats and regular methods of feeding hens were employed. Oyster shells or limestone rock was before the hens all the time.

Such a ration produced as many eggs per hen as did similar rations in which the mash contained 20 per cent meat scrap or tankage instead of the cottonseed or soy bean meal. The results were not satisfactory unless the bone meal and salt was added. A year's test with ground soy beans failed to produce quite as many eggs as did cottonseed meal. This may be due to the fact that the ground beans were higher in fat and as a result the ration was not properly balanced. A partial substitution may be made and the following is recommended:

Bran	24 lbs.
Shorts	24 lbs.
Cornmeal	24 lbs.
Ground soy beans	15 lbs.
Tankage	10 lbs.
Bone meal	2 lbs.
Salt	1 lb.

This should be kept in open troughs before the hens all the time and fed the same as any regular laying mash. It may be that a larger percentage of the beans may be used but it is advisable to await further investigation before following this practice.

Direct Sunlight for Layers Is Essential

A simple, inexpensive and effective way to secure direct sunlight for the layers is to fill in about ten square feet of space at the south side of the house with an eight-inch layer of cinders. The space may well be enclosed to keep the fowls from contaminated soil. In exposed locations it may be necessary to provide a wind break of some kind. Chickens dislike wind and will stay inside to avoid it.

Cinders are especially effective. Because of their dark color they absorb heat from the sun, causing any snow or ice to melt with the first appearance of sunshine. This permits the birds to get out on the warm, dry cinders and bask in the sunshine even though the ground is still wet and cold.

Feeding New Corn

Where there is a shortage of corn that is dry enough to grind, a mash that will serve quite well for a short period of feeding can be made up of the following ingredients: 100 pounds of ground oats, 10 pounds of tankage or meat scraps and one pound of salt. If barley is available 50 pounds barley and 50 pounds of oats are better than using oats alone. This mash should not be fed as a permanent laying ration, however, but just as an emergency ration.

Pullets Begin Laying

As a rule, pullets lay more eggs during their first laying season than during any subsequent season. Consequently, if hatches are correctly timed so that plenty of pullets will be brought to maturity some time during the latter part of September, a banner winter egg season is bound to follow. Pullets hatched during February or March, according to breed, should begin laying just about the right time for winter eggs when prices are highest.

Gapeworms Kill

A poultryman in Washington, D. C., lost 75 per cent of several hundred chicks from gapes. Investigation showed that this loss resulted from the use of one of the poultryman's fields, for about 24 hours, as a resting place for a flock of turkeys being driven overland. The chickens became infected by gapeworms left by the turkey flock. In addition to producing the noticeable symptoms of gaping, by obstructing the windpipe the chicks did not thrive.

Fattening Ration

A useful fattening ration recommended by the Purdue station consists of 20 pounds of yellow cornmeal, 10 pounds of ground oats and 10 pounds of flour middlings, mixed with 80 pounds of buttermilk or skim milk. The mixture is allowed to stand 24 hours before using, the feed supply being prepared a day ahead of time throughout the fattening period. The poultry is confined in crates and given as much twice each day as the birds will clean up in about half an hour.

Makes Life Sweeter

Too much to eat—too rich a diet—r too much smoking. Lots of things cause sour stomach, but one thing can correct it quickly. Phillips Milk of Magnesia will alkalinize the acid. Take a spoonful of this pleasant preparation, and the system is soon sweetened.

Phillips is always ready to relieve distress from over-eating; to check all acidity; or neutralize nicotine. Remember this for your own comfort; for the sake of those around you. Endorsed by physicians, but they always say *Phillips*. Don't buy something else and expect the same results!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

DON'T DO THIS Deafness HEAD NOISES

RUB IN BACK OF EARS—INSERT IN NOSTRILS... Leonard EAR OIL

$1.25 All Druggists. Descriptive folder on request

A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Humanity and Dogs

However much of a friend of man the dog may be, when his mode of life is applied to humanity, it means something else again. The sayings, "To lead a dog's life" or to lead some one else a "dog's life" speak volumes for the way some people treat their dumb friends.

The Personal Angle

"Are you in favor of women in politics?"

"My anxiety at present," said Senator Sorghum, "relates to whether women in politics are in favor of me."—Washington Star.

The Pessimist

"What does bigamy mean?"

"Having a wife too many."

"But that may happen when a man has only one."—Sondagsnisse-Strix, Stockholm.

From Mr. Grouch

Mrs. Benham—A man may be down, but he is never out.

Benham—Well, it's different with a woman; she's always out.

Rare

"Some people regard the new bills as curios."

"They are with me."

Handkerchiefs were once of various shapes, but in 1785 Queen Marie Antoinette issued a decree that they should be square.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

People who always do as they please do not always please themselves.

Girl at the Top in Health Test

Millions of boys and girls all over the world, thousands of them right here in the West are being restored to health and strength by the purely vegetable tonic and laxative known as California Fig Syrup and endorsed by physicians for over 50 years.

Children need no urging to take it. They love its rich, fruity flavor. Nothing can compete with it as a gentle, but certain laxative, and it goes further than this. It gives tone and strength to the stomach and bowels so these organs continue to act normally, of their own accord. It stimulates the appetite, helps digestion.

A Kansas mother, Mrs. Dana Allgire, 610 Monroe St., Topeka, says: "Bonnie B. is absolutely the picture of health, now, with her ruddy cheeks, bright eyes and plump but graceful little body and she stands at the top in every health test.

Much of the credit for her perfect condition is due to California Fig Syrup. We have used it since babyhood to keep her bowels active during colds or any children's ailments and she has always had an easy time with them. She always responds to its gentle urging and is quickly back to normal."

Ask your druggist for California Fig Syrup and look for the word "California" on the carton so you'll always get the genuine.

SUB ROSA

By MIMI

Punching the Meal Ticket

EXISTENCE is largely a matter of eating. We eat to live, live to eat, and then some. "Earth," says Anatole France, "is the planet of hunger, the place where one eats." I guess it's the same with Mars and Saturn and all the other planets of the sun-kissed solar system. Food is the one thing on which woman and man agree. Both have to have it. Maybe we can get them to agree on other things, too.

The life of woman used to be written in two chapters—getting the meals and getting tickets, or maybe the last came first. As for Mister Man, he has had many titles and decorations, but the most universal one is that of Meal Ticket, for man's just naturally a breadwinner.

But now that woman is in the game and is making her living, one reason for man's existence has been eliminated, wiped off the masculine map. He can't pour out the milk, and say: "Kitty, kitty, kitty." He must find some other reason to give a girl when he wants to marry her, for he can't woo and win by means of the food inducement.

The self-feeding girl has changed the appearance of the whole world. No longer does she have to hang around the house, picking up what she can in the way of food and clothing until he comes to her deliverance. She's providing her own dinners just the way her mother used to prepare them after dad had bought the stuff. Love and marriage have changed and the way to the altar no longer leads past the grocery store.

Man has had to change his tune, or will have to soon, if he's going to sing us any love-songs. The rooster robin thinks he's doing a fine stunt when he brings a fat worm to place in the bill of the hen robin on the nest, but the roosters of both kinds will have to perk up and get busy with another line. It used to be, "Each morn and noon and eve, I bring thee beefsteaks, cutlets, potatoes, creamcakes, nutlets, tomatoes," but the girl who has an account at the delicatessen store isn't going to encore a song of that sort. Man must have his voice cultivated and sing a love song.

There is hunger and hunger. You know the pangs of appetite which make your soul cry out for crackers and cheese, and you know the deeper pangs which make it long for love. Woman can get her food from the butcher, but she has a sort of hunger which only the lover-man can supply.

Men are slow in learning this lesson. They offer us solid food when we'd rather have applesauce. Give us the orange blossoms, and we'll supply our own grapefruit. Yes, and any one of us will give back the meal-ticket in order to get love-letters.

* * *

She Who Hesitates

IF HE who hesitates is lost, she who hesitates is often saved. The business of hesitation is one which plays a great part in woman's acting, and if men are going to understand the opposite sex, they must be prepared for reluctance and slow motion generally.

It might be right for men to deal straight out from the shoulder, but that sort of thing wouldn't be graceful with a woman whose shoulders are more for ornament than use. Then, too, a man can settle down to brass tacks, but no woman can regard such frankness as anything but crudeness. She prefers to hesitate in a delicious, dilly yallying sort of way. She can't help it, and doesn't wish to, either.

Women are the angels who fear to tread where men rush in.

Men are your pioneers and go-getters. When it comes to breaking up new ground and felling old trees, they can put it all over women. But if they want comfort and neatness after the raw work has been done, they have to call in the woman to put the artistic touch and cozy feeling to things.

No matter how determined a woman may be, she keeps her strength concealed, just as her muscles are encased in a certain amount of fatty tissue. If she means "no," she will say "perhaps," and when she says "perhaps" she means "yes." She is just as modest with her mind as with her form. She gives you an idea about herself and lets you guess at the rest.

The hesitancy of woman is an indication of her preciousness. She doesn't keep her dates right on the minute, for she thinks she's worth waiting for. You don't hear her saying, "You bet," to a marriage proposal even after she's been working for months to make her man talk business. She thinks it's nicer and more becoming to appear surprised, to swear that it's all too sudden, and then demand time to think it over.

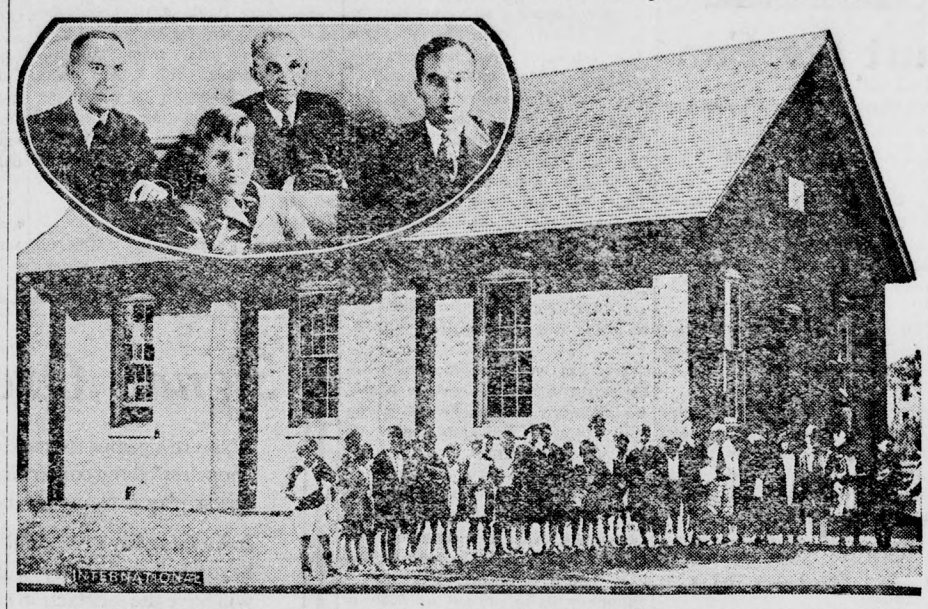
The glory of womanhood is not a dayspring but a slow dawning with a pinkish light making its way gradually through a mass of mist. A man hates all that sort of thing. He likes to have matters settled. Yet if woman were to do as he thinks he wants her to do, he wouldn't have any use for her. Her charm lies in her ability to be gracefully reluctant. As my friend Lorelei might say, it makes a woman "really intreeging."

(© by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Easy to Remove Dents

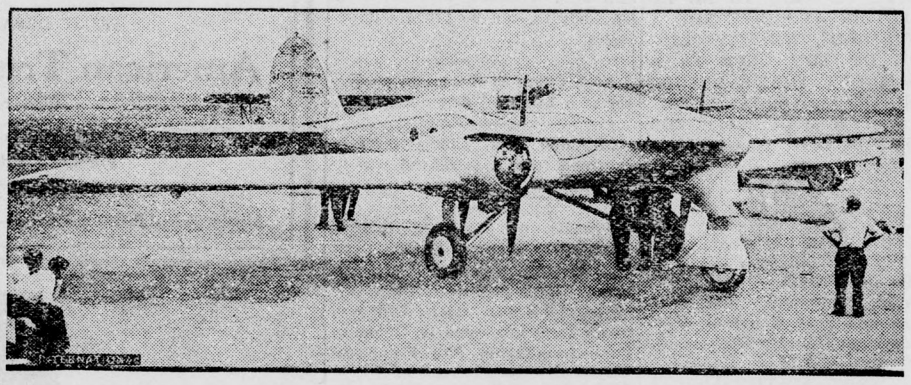
To remove slight dents in wood place moist blotting paper over the dent and then apply heat by placing a warm iron on the blotter. The heat and the moisture cause the fiber of wood to swell and the dent fills up.

World's Richest Man Returns to Boyhood School



Henry Ford had the little old school where he learned the "three Rs" removed to Dearborn, Mich., and the other day he officiated at its reopening, assisted by his boyhood seatmate, Dr. Edsel Ruddiman, and his son, Edsel Ford. The illustration shows the schoolhouse and its pupils, and Mr. Ford seated among the children.

New Plane Designed for Transatlantic Flight

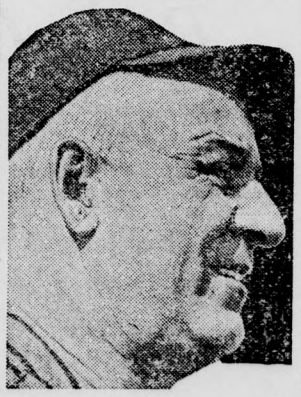


A view of the new and specially designed two-motored tandem monoplane which was tested at Roosevelt field, Long Island, in preparation for a proposed flight from New York to Bucharest, Rumania. The plane is said to be nonstallable, and a tricycle landing gear prevents noseovers.

TO IRRIGATE DESERT

Arthur P. Davis, formerly head of the United States reclamation service, who has been designated by the Soviet government of Russia to supervise the gigantic $250,000,000 desert irrigation project in Russian Turkestan, where Russia expects to grow cotton.

REDS' STOCK JUMPS



Stock of the Cincinnati National league baseball club, of $50 par value, which recently jumped from $80 to $125 a share after it was rumored Jack Hendricks might be replaced as the Reds' manager, reached a record high at $210 when Hendricks tendered his resignation.

Could Grow More Mints

Spearmint and peppermint culture in the United States could be expanded considerably beyond the 35,000 acres now growing, if greater commercial demand for the oils should develop, says the Department of Agriculture.

Scissors Sharpener

You can sharpen scissors by cutting several times through a piece of sandpaper. Knives can be sharpened the same way.

Refueling Isn't New

Refueling in flight isn't anything at all now. The mosquitoes originated it centuries ago.—Louisville Times.

Maj. John Coolidge and His Bride

Immediately after the wedding of Maj. John Coolidge, son of former President and Mrs. Coolidge, and Florence Trumbull, daughter of the governor of Connecticut, in Plainville, Conn., the bride and groom obligingly posed for the news photographers, with the above result. The young couple then departed for a brief honeymoon trip somewhere in New England, traveling mostly by automobile.

Crossed Atlantic in Little Ketch

Dudley N. Schoales, Jr., Joseph Rummler and Carl L. Weagant, all students at Cornell university, pictured in their forty-six-foot ketch Carlsark on their arrival at Cannes, France, the end of their perilous voyage across the Atlantic ocean.

Needless Suffering

The next time a headache makes you stay at home—

Or some other ache or pain prevents your keeping an engagement—

Remember Bayer Aspirin! For there is scarcely any pain it cannot relieve, and relieve promptly.

These tablets give real relief, or millions would not continue to take them. They are quite harmless, or the medical profession would not constantly prescribe them.

Don't be a martyr to unnecessary pain. To colds that might so easily be checked; to neuritis, neuralgia; to those pains peculiar to women; or any suffering for which Bayer Aspirin is such an effective antidote.

For your own protection, buy the genuine. Bayer is *safe*. It's always the same. It never depresses the heart, so use it as often as needed; but the cause of any pain can be treated only by a doctor.

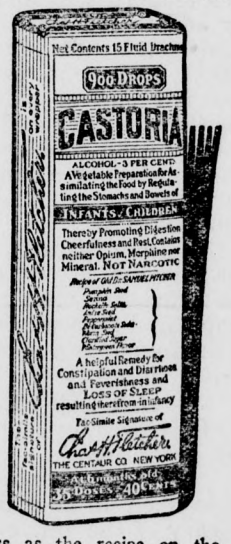
BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Some clocks are almost human; they seldom tell the truth.

Moral dyspepsia sometimes goes around disguised as piety.

An Ailing CHILD



Are you prepared to render first aid and quick comfort the moment your youngster has an upset of any sort? Could you do the right thing—immediately—though the emergency came without warning—perhaps tonight? Castoria is a mother's standby at such times. There is nothing like it in emergencies, and nothing better for everyday use. For a sudden attack of colic, or the gentle relief of constipation; to allay a feverish condition, or to soothe a fretful baby that can't sleep. This pure vegetable preparation is always ready to ease an ailing youngster. It is just as harmless as the recipe on the wrapper reads. If you see Chas. H. Fletcher's signature, it is genuine Castoria. It is harmless to the smallest infant; doctors will tell you so.

You can tell from the recipe on the wrapper how mild it is, and how good for little systems. But continue with Castoria until a child is grown.

Use Cuticura OINTMENT

for all skin troubles

RED, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, rashes, irritations, cuts or burns are quickly relieved and healed by applications of Cuticura Ointment. No household should be without it.

Ointment 25c. and 50c. Soap 25c. Talcum 25c. Sample each free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. B7, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

400,000 Women Report Benefit

by actual record

"Have you received benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?"

A questionnaire enclosed with every bottle of medicine has brought, to date, over 400,000 replies. The overwhelming majority—in fact, ninety-eight out of a hundred—says, "Yes." If this dependable medicine has helped so many women, isn't it reasonable to suppose that it will help you too? Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

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Editorial

HEALTH IS WEALTH

We are so busy living these days that we often forget one of the most important phases of life—Good Health. For without health there is but little joy to be gotten out of life. Too many of us in trying to acquire wealth in a greater or lesser degree, forget that health is wealth. What is the wealth of Midas to one who is only half alive? What can be bought as valuable as the buoyancy of health?

Wealth may be transitory—it may vanish through mismanagement or unforseen circumstances, but with good health fortunes can be rebuilt. The loss of health is much more serious. Therefore it behooves us, while we are striving to add dollars to our savings, to see that our habits and surroundings are conducive to good health.

Health is of both individual and public concern. Turn to the community development campaign in this week's issue, and you will find that preventable diseases cost this nation nine billion dollars a year in lost earning capacity. This shows the direct bearing that health has on the nation's wealth.

If every individual will make a consistent effort to maintain good health, the standard of health in this community will be vastly increased. If every person in Campbell will improve his health, he will thereby add to the wealth of Campbell. While we have made commendable progress in matters of public health, we have in reality but started, when our progress is compared with other communities renowned for the efficiency and thoroughness with which their public health problems are handled. Perhaps our progress has been hampered by the fact that many of our citizens are not fully aware of the importance of public health.

Benjamin Disraeli, one of the brainiest of all British prime ministers, has said, "The public health is the foundation upon which rests the happiness of our people and the welfare of the nation." So, too, health is the foundation upon which rest the happiness and welfare of our town.

AN OFFENSIVE INSCRIPTION

"Destroyed by Teutonic fury—Restored by American generosity."

By the insistence of certain Americans, this motto is likely to be emblazoned, in Latin, on the new library of the University of Louvain.

Certainly it is not generous to perpetuate the hates of war time. Nor is it polite for one who is generous to brag about it.

This led to the characterization by President Hoover of the inscription as "offensive," in a statement full of scorn for the proposal.

President Hoover voiced the emotions of those who raised the fund for that monument of learning and wisdom, when in his sincere statement he showed that American wished to perpetuate good will and not old hatred.

We hope the Belgian authorities will find some way of following President Hoover's suggestion that this legend is undesirable—and destroy it.

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"

Rockefeller's Ability — Wise Fox — Impudent Criticism

I have never believed in fortune teller, seer or prophet; the wise man is one able to profit by events after they happen.

John D. Rockefeller displayed ability not only in making money. When his stomach failed some years ago, he investigated the subject as he did an oil field, and made it function again to his advantage. The Rockefeller Foundation, his tribute to philanthropy, is as well managed as the Standard Oil company. Although the disposition is not to think better of him, Mr. Rockefeller was once regarded as the world's greatest sinner. If he could be judged justly by some unknown power, I believe his rating, from the cradle to the grave, would be as high as that of any other man that ever lived, all because of his enormous common sense; his knowledge that honesty is the best policy.

Intelligence is merely that cunning exhibited by a fox; knowledge of traps, dogs, men, poison, inherited and acquired from long experience.

A fox, celebrated as smartest of dumb brutes, is never prejudiced or fanatical; he is able to use every particle of sense he has.

If a fox encounters suspicious tracks, he doesn't stop to argue that he is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but makes off to safer territory. When a man encounters danger, he too frequently stops to argue about his rights, and the danger overtakes him. A fox knows no heaven except hen roosts where there are neither dogs nor men; every fox is his own doctor, preacher and philosopher, and never yet has there been a fox urging foxes and men to make up, and love each other. Foxes have become famous because they use all the intelligence they have, a good habit most men lack.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

We suppose that every one, at some time or other, has wanted to be a writer, wanted to edit a column and have it syndicated all over the country.

* * * *

We'll confess that it's our weakness, too. Editing a column has always interested us.

* * * *

Knappen of the Press says that column writers sure have their ups and downs, but if we insist, he'll rent us this little space each week and it'll be up to us to make good.

* * * *

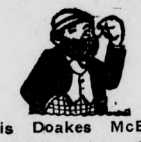
So we'll be here each week with "Just For Fun," and we'll talk about:

YOU FOLKS
OUR TOWN
AND THINGS

and maybe we'll talk a little bit about the service station business.

* * * *

WE'LL PROMISE TO BE INTERESTING AND GIVE YOU A FEW SMILES. WE MAY "KID" SOME OF YOU ONCE IN A WHILE, BUT THAT'S A SURE SIGN THAT WE LIKE YOU, SO WATCH AND WAIT FOR "JUST FOR FUN" TO GET YOU.



This is Doakes McBathwater, scientist, philosopher, big game hunter and poet who will assist us from time to time.

* * * *

ANOTHER THING

All editors need contributions and criticisms from their "public," so yours are welcome. Tell us what you think of our editorial efforts.

* * * *

And for the benefit of the weaker sex (?), Maud Muffins, pictured above, will add some comments now and then.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

Constructive criticism is often great impudence. Here are our best men in transportation, finance, manufacturing, farming, mechanics, navigation, engineering, merchandising, and in all the other legitimate activities of life. They have at least done so well that our country ranks first in all essential respects. But there come a lot of palpable second raters who declare that everything has been done wrong. The bulk of these constructive critics are much like barbers talking about the money problems of the world, or tennis players discussing the problems of transportation.

If a man harms himself in spite of repeated warnings easily understood, he is lacking in intelligence. I do not care how many powerful poems he may have written, or how many eloquent sermons he may have delivered; if he does not exercise ordinary practical sense and fairness in affairs most vital to him, he is not intelligent. Jean Jacques Rousseau is a famous man, but the man was not intelligent; his private life proves it. A man's private life is the real testing ground. Lazarus is also a famous name, but the man failed so utterly we hear of him only to teach us charity.

Mrs. Emma Main had the pleasure of a family reunion last Sunday at her home on Los Gatos-San Jose highway. Mr. and Mrs. William Main and daughters, Edna, Barbara and Rettie, motored down from Oakland to spend the day, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Main drove out from Autumn Court, San Jose, and Emery Main, who had been on a clamming trip to Moss Landing, arrived in time to help prepare a clam bake for supper. Vocal and instrumental music added to the pleasure of the day .

—u—

Robert Feathers of Almaden avenue left Friday for the Orient aboard a Dollar liner. He has made a number of other trips to foreign shores.

—u—

Miss Bertha Schlueter spent the week-end in San Francisco as the guest of Mrs. Leland Cassel. At a gathering of the Expression club Friday evening Miss Schlueter sang "Gypsy Maid," by Donzetti, and "Estrallita" as an encore. Her offerings were received with pleasure.

—u—

Mr. and Mrs. Moffet of Lark avenue have gone to Los Angeles for the winter. Mrs. Moffett is

(Concluded on Page 8)

UNION DISTRICT

The third Saturday in the month is always a happy day in Union district when the We and Our Neighbors club meet at the clubhouse. This month's meeting was especially interesting as Dr. B. A. Rudolph of the University of California decidious fruit station, gave a very instructive talk on trees, vegetables and flowers. The club house was very prettily decorated with merrigolds and dalias. Hallowe'en favors graced the tables when dainty refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Emma Bartley, Mrs. Edwin Howes and Miss Ruby Howes.

—u—

We and Our Neighbors are anticipaitng much pleasure in a series of card parties to be given this winter in the club house. All friends are invited.

—u—

The annual meeting of We and Our Neighbors, which is a sort of harvest feast for members and their families, will be held at the club house Saturday, Nov. 16. A supper will be served at 6:30 p. m., after which entertainment and dancing will be enjoyed.

—u—

Lester Woodard is building a sun bedroom on his home at the "Pines" on San Jose highway, so that Mrs. Woodard, who has been seriously ill, can be brought down stairs.

—u—

Arch Cilker is the proud possessor of a beautiful new automobile.

—u—

Mr. and Mrs. Cilker recently returned from a delightful trip to Hawaii.

—u—

Friends of Noah G. Rogers, proprietor of the Cured Fruit Packing corporation will be sorry to learn that he suffered a stroke of paralysis last week, and was taken from his home in Union to Lane hospital in San Francisco.

Raise Silver Black Foxes

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Campbell (Calif.) Press

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

SECOND INSTALMENT

"Regretfully? I've never regretted anything, Tim. I do . . whatever I do . . . because it was ordained. Am I able to deflect the course of the universe? Then how can I deflect myself? I'm a projectile, Tim, aimed by some force at some remote target."

"Remote, Maybe not. Perhaps Im the target, Lucy," he suggested.

She pursed her mouth.

"I hardly think so, Tim."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I'm to good for you," she told him.

"Are you by any chance joking," he inquired.

"Certainly not.'

"Then you're just being rude?"

" 'Truthful' is a prettier word."

"Too god for me, eh?" he mused. "Well, 'good' is a strange word. It's capable of a lot of translations. To good for me? How about Leeson? Not too good for him?

"Why harp on him? I'd never met him until tonight," she said.

The Minerva was one of the finest boats of its kind in Southern waters, and often though she'd seen the craft, Lucy Harkness gave a little nod of approbation tonight. The polished woodwork reflected the stars; the chairs, cushioned wicker, gleamed spotlessly white; the fittings of the small boats shone; the canopy aft looked, in the silver light, as though made of colored damask. And upon the table laid for two the Minerva's steward had expended not merely time but taste.

"I always liked you better when I come aboard the Minerva, Tim," she said.

"So?" His voice was sullen.

"I think the Minerva, so clean and sweet, is your soul—when you were a tiny baby."

"How long have you been teaching Sunday school?' he demanded.

She laughed.

"Fair enough! It isn't fair to reproach you about the present condition of your soul, is it, Tim? Not while my own is in the condition it is. Well, I won't lecture you or abuse you any more tonight."

"You'll be nice?" he asked, again eager.

"As nice as possible. You won the race, didn't you?"

"And you really didn't mind my fouling? You wanted me to win?" he demanded.

"I'm twenty-three, Tim. Old enough to realize that what we want we may not have; what we get has been determined eons ago. You've got me, for supper here. I've got you. Well, let's make the best of it."

"It could be a lovely best," he insinuated.

She shrugged.

"Maybe. I don't know. Fate hasn't taken me that far into her confidence."

"Could I show you?" he inquired.

"You mean—make love to me?" She shook her head. "Fate has read me no riddles, Tim, but that—I don't need her assistance. Love can only be made when two engage in the pretty pastime. And I—shall never engage in that little game with you."

"Sure?"

She stared at him, taking no warning from his eagerness.

"Pos-o-lutely, old thing." She straightened up in her chair. "Come on; let's drop nonsense. I said I'd be as nice as possible. But 'possible' ends at talk of flirtation and long before flirtation begins. Here, what's this?"

She leaped to her feet. The Minerva's line had been cast off, and the propellor had begun to move. She ran to the low rail and stood poised upon it for a moment. But the stone pier was already 20 feet away.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" ejaculated Stevens. "Anyone would think you thought I was about to kidnap you. Any objection to a spin down the lake, to give us an appetite for supper?"

"Well, if we can leave Casa Clary at all, without offending our hostess, I don't suppose it matters much where we go."

"It looked as though you were afraid of me," stated tSevens.

"Desire must have had something to do with what it looked like, then,' she retorted. "You like women to be afraid of you, don't ou, Tim?"

"I dont get you," he told her.

"The very devil of it is—you do get me—always. Isn't that true? I see through you so completely that instead of being feared, you're a little bit afraid of me; eh, Tim?"

"Little Miss Hate-Herself—that's you, isn't it?" he jeered

"You can't accuse me of vanity because I state that I can see through you, Tim. Most women can and do. They don't tell you so, because you have money."

"I won't agree with you," he said. "But if you can see through me, then you must know how much I love you."

"Thats what offends me," she replied.

"Offends? Is love offensive?"

"Your kind. From a man like you, of course it's offensive."

"Oh, by God! that's carrying it a bit too far! Just a bit too raw, Lucy!" he cried. "I don't mind it up to a certain point, but when you infer that I'm unclean, filthy—"

"You are—"

"Then why, in God's name, come out here with me tonight?" he cried.

"Because when I enter a game I play it. Pity you can't say as much, Tim.

"How do you know I can't? How do you know—when I play a game, I don't play it all the way?" he demanded.

She laughed contemptuously.

"With women, you mean? But of course you mean that. It's the only game you know. But—you've never played it with my kind of woman, because my kind don't play with you."

"You're one that's going to," he said flatly."

"Think so?" She shook her head again. "This is Mrs. Clary's game we're playing. The other game I didn't enter."

"You didn't know you'd entered it," he contradicted, "but you have. You're here, aboard the Minerva. You'll leave the Minerva when I'm damned good and ready to let you leave; not before. Now, do you play my game?"

Her eyes were dreamy; her sweet mouth drooped pensively.

"If fate intended, yes. But fate has been so very kind to me, thus far, that I cannot believe it intends me any such trick as playing such a game with you.. Tim, I've come out with you. Let's go back."

"Not," he told her, "until you've learned a little more of fate."

"Abduction went out with hoop-skirts,' she said.

"It's come in again," he remarked grimly.

She remembered Modane, the Minervas skipper. A rat-faced man, of inexact ancestry, a touch of the Levantine in his hooked nose. The men were ordinary sailors, and the domestic staff, so to speak, were Japs. No help from the latter would be forthcoming; it was not for them to interfere in the actions of the barbarians who employed them. The white sailors were crude ,stupid men; and Modane was his master's man.

Wariness owned her; this situation, absurdly impossible though it might seem later when she narrated it, was definitely dangerous now. The extent of its danger depended entirely on the degree of madness which possessed Stevens.

"And it all leads to what?" she asked.

"You'd keep your word. It leads to your promise to marry me. When I have that, I'll put you ashore."

"And as the months, or years, pass blithely by?" she asked.

"I won't wait that long," he said. "Maybe, after a while, you'll ask me to marry you."

"Isn't that a trifle too melodramatic, Tim? · The ruined maiden pleads with her despoiler—"

"The trouble with you, Lucy," he interrupted, "is that, with all your experience, you don't know men. Or you'd know that I mean what I say."

"But why want a girl who has only contempt for you," she asked.

"Don't ask me! Why does the tide come in? You believe in fate; you've said so often enough, anyway. Well, you're my fate, Lucy. God! I haven't mentioned love to you, but if I had words to tell you—the very sight of you drives me crazy; the tones of your voice, the way you sometimes blink your eyes, as though you were a million miles away—Lucy, I've run around after you like a pet pup, for a year, and now—"

"Now the mongrel bites, eh?" she interjected.

"He's only barking now," he told her, "but he will bite.'

She shook her head.

"No, I don't think so. He'll be afraid of the whip."

"Get this into your pretty head, and make it stick there," he cried. "Where you're concerned I just teetotally don't give a damn! I always thought that men who went blah over one particular woman were weak-kneed soft-heads. But I've changed my mind. You . . Oh, I can't make it clear, but you obscure the sun for me, Lucy. There is a cloud always before me, and if I turn my head to look the other way, the cloud is still there. It's you, you all the time, everywhere. If someone speaks to me it's your voice I hear. A girl dances in the theater and it's Lucy Harkness that I'm watching. The sun sets over Lake Worth and it's Lucy Harkness' face I see.

"A magazine, a newspaper supplement prints pictures of women and they're all photographs of you. Your name is in the headlines; it's on the signs along the road. I tell you, Lucy, this is real, this is honest-to-God. I've never told you, never asked you to marry me, but—you've known.'

"Yes, I've known, of course," she admitted.

He snatched at her admission.

"And you came here tonight—Lucy, why did you come? Was it because—"

"It was because, solely, you won the race. No other reason. I've never shirked an issue, never avoided a problem. Fate meant me to come here tonight. But I've told you this a dozen times."

"And don't you think that fate also meant us to care for each other?"

"I've answered that before, Tim, but I'll answer it again. I'd rather be dead than let your hands rest upon me; I'd rather be dead and condemned to eternal hell than let you kiss me. Now, is the answer clear?"

* * * *

Later, sheer, stark panic overwhelmed her. She was trapped, caught, at what mercy this beast, this madman, chose to extend to her.

And even as she recognized this fact a knock sounded upon the door.

Stevens' voice came through the panels. It held a quality of excitement that she had never noted in his tones before. It was almost as though he had been drinking heavily and was fighting hard not to show the effect of the liquor. Yet there had not been time, since she left him, for him to become drunk.

"Lucy, I want to talk to you," he said.

The maddest panic swept over her, obliterating sanity. The door was flimsy, would give way, despite the bolt, at the least onslaught. Tim Stevens had dared plan an abduction and carry it through. He might not go to further lengths, but how could she tell? If she opened the door—if she failed to open the door and he crashed through it—

She would rather die than plead with Tim Stevens. She had never begged of anyone in all her life; she would not begin now. Yet she could not fight; a screaming, scratching woman lost all dignity, confessed her weakness by her defense.

Panic passed; although her act was mad to the point of suicide, her actions were cool, deliberate. This was Devil-May-Care, who made her decisions on instant impulse, but who carried them through as calmly as though they had been thought over for months.

She opened the port-hole—really a window—of her cabin, and dived cleanly into the Gulf stream.

She was conscious of no shock as she went below the gleaming waters. It was one of those nights when semi-tropical Florida was really tropical, and the difference between the temperature of air and water was very slight. She didn't bother to swim beneath the surface for any appreciable distance.

(Continued Next Week)

"I think the Minerva, so clean and sweet, is your soul—when you were a tiny baby."

KIWANIS NOTES

Kiwanis program was a full one last week when Russ Kennedy wielded the sceptre over the assembly. Leonard Willis, always a popular man in these parts, sang two baritone solos, accompanied by Mrs. Willis at the piano.

Dr. Harry Pieper of Santa Cruz district lieutenant governor, was present and made a few remarks.

Ed Simpkins of San Jose gave a brief talk on the scouts in the present campaign, complimenting the club on its part in supporting the cause.

Fred Shipp told a very interesting story of some of his experiences in Korea while doing "Y" work there. He exhibited a number of trophys of his stay in that country.

S. N. Hedegard urged the members to support the water conservation project at the polls.

Palo Alto, Los Gatos and Campbell clubs hold the regional oratorical contest at Campbell next Tuesday with Lieutenant Governor Peiper presiding.

FIELD'S STORE

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Belle Isle Tuna, can	19c
Wesson Oil, 1-2 gallon	90c
Albers Peacock Buckwheat Flour, large pkg.	27c
Head Rice, extra fancy long grain, 5 lbs.	38c
M & M Pet Milk, 3 cans	25c
Campbells Soup, straight or assorted, 6 cans	55c
Campbell's Pork and Beans, 2 cans	19c
Brillo and aPd Holder, both for	15c
Ridgway's Orange Label Tea, 1-2 lb. pkg.	45c
Roger 1865 Silver Plated eTaspoon Free	
Melba Vegetized Toast, pkg.	19c
Fontana Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles, 2 pkgs.	17c

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NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

"The Greatest Bridge in the World"

A MASTODONTIC bridge, officially known as the Hudson River bridge, but referred to as "The Greatest Bridge in the World," which will cut the air high above the waters of this famous and lordly stream between the Palisades of New Jersey and Riverside drive, New York, is under construction.

In an attempt to cope with the probable traffic demands of future generations, man has dared to build a bridge of such gigantic proportions as to stagger the imagination. The bridge proper will jump the river in a single spot 3,500 feet long, while its length, exclusive of the ornate plazas which are planned for either end, will be 7,800 feet. Its two piers, resting on bed rock, will each be 210 by 65 feet at base and tower 635 feet above the water and its floor, which will be 253 feet above the water, will have an ultimate width of 188 feet. The weight of the suspended construction will approximate 90,000 tons.

The design adopted admits of expanding the capacity as necessity demands. Originally, its one deck will carry four lanes of vehicular traffic and two sidewalks. Later, two 24-foot roadways can be added. Finally, a second deck can be swung over the first one, providing for from two to eight tracks for rapid transit service, bringing the maximum capacity of the structure up to something like 30,000,000 vehicles annually. All told, this is one of the most difficult construction feats yet attempted by man.

* * *

A Master Speech-Highway

THE busiest long-distance speech highway in America, according to the records, is that one which speeds up talking by wire between New York city and Philadelphia—a distance of about 100 miles.

So great has been the demand for telephone service between these two great aggregations of humanity that calls are made at the rate of about eight per minute or about 10,000 every 24 hours—some 200 telephone circuits being kept busy day and night.

Four underground cables, each enclosing hundreds of wires, in addition to two wire-and-pole lines, are required to carry these messages, and a fifth cable probably will be placed in service by the time this appears in print.

The underground cables used in this service are ingenious contrivances. They are considered stormproof, insulated against dampness and encased in a sheath of lead. Although less than three inches in diameter, a sufficient number of wires can be packed into one of them to permit 250 telephone conversations and 500 telegraph messages to be transmitted at the same time—by virtue of a special apparatus which makes possible the sending of many messages over comparatively few wires.

The amazing demand and consequent rapid increase in facilities for overcoming the handicap of distance is here illustrated to the nth degree. The first telephone service between these points was installed in 1885. Doubting Thomases regarded the service as an experiment which might develop into a convenience, but never would develop into a necessary service to the public.

* * *

The Moffat Tunnel

AFTER years of tedious boring through six miles of solid rock and the expenditure of about $18,000,000—the Moffat tunnel, carrying twin steel rails through the backbone of this continent, fifty miles northwest of Denver, was completed in 1928.

This is the highest tunnel in the world, being upwards of a mile and a half above the waters in the seas, notwithstanding which some of the peaks of the Continental Divide tower half a mile above the track. It measures 16 feet by 24 feet and was built with a high point at the center so that seepage water would readily drain away. It is 23 miles shorter and 2,400 feet lower than the previous route which squirmed over "The Divide" through that bleak canyon known as Rolling Pass.

This tunnel promises to become a national asset of no mean importance. It provides a gateway between a territory in northeastern Colorado and eastern Utah—that is larger than France and, 'tis claimed, holds enough coal to supply this country for several centuries, oil shale beds capable of producing enough ammonium sulphate to fertilize all the farms in the Mississippi basin, billions of feet of timber and millions of acres of public lands open to entry—and some 40,000,000 persons who people that great area between the Rockies and the Alleghenies. When the railroad is completed to Salt Lake City it will materially shorten the distance between Denver and the Pacific coast and will thus operate to speed up transcontinental traffic.

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Honeymoon Postponed

Just as the wedding ceremony in England was concluded, a bridegroom was arrested recently on the charge of being an army deserter, and half an hour later was sentenced to imprisonment for a week.

Liquid in Human Body

Although the human body is largely composed of water, it is for the most part not water in the usual physical sense, but water bound in this physico-chemical union with colloids.

Along the Concrete

KIDNAP RACKET WORRIES POLICE

New York Underworld Terrorizes Victims Into Silence.

New York.—New York's most recent underworld racket—it may or may not have been broken up by three recent arrests—has produced at least seven kidnapings, about which the police know something and probably has produced more. It is a merciless, cruel racket, but it is based, as so many underworld activities are based, on the tendency of "honest" business men to get rich quick by activities that are just outside the law.

At least seven brokers have been taken from their homes in the last year. They have been held for a day, two days, or sometimes three, until they paid a ransom demanded by their captors. Then, to bind the whole incident in security, the kidnapers have become blackmailers and have agreed to say nothing about the business indiscretions of the brokers if the brokers say nothing about the kidnapings.

No Complaints Made.

So carefully have the kidnapers worked in selecting victims that not one formal complaint has been made to the police. Detectives trying to find out exactly who is in the "racket" were balked before they started.

In two cases the kidnaped brokers were victims of torture, one so vicious that it recalls those old days of the Spanish inquisition. But the victim of this last case refused to make a complaint, even though Commissioner Whalen himself asked him to do so.

In that particular case, according to Commissioner Whalen, the men responsible for the violent torture are under arrest, and have been in jail nearly two months. In this connection, perhaps, it is interesting to note that the racket is entwined with all the outstanding events of the underworld, and that in the arrest of the men said to be responsible for the torture, there is a connection, easily traced to the murders of Arnold Rothstein, Frank Marlow and Frankie Yale of Brooklyn.

Detectives do not hesitate to say that they believe bootlegging, gambling, laundry racketeering, kidnaping racketeering, murder, and assault are all closely interwoven, and that the three murders already regarded as outstanding are in some way, however indirect, connected.

Three Under Arrest.

Dave Grosso, Mike McDermott and Charlie Green have been arrested. It is curious to note that all three were arrested in murder cases and that no charge of kidnaping or racketeering of that sort will be made against them. Yet Whalen says that Green, who was picked up in Chicago, was one of the leaders in the kidnaping racket, and that both Grosso and McDermott were active assistants.

Green is charged, under indictment, with participation in the Hotsy Totsy murders. Grosso and McDermott are held as material witnesses in the Frank Marlow murder. It has been learned that Grosso and McDermott missed a charge of murder in that case only because one person could not remember one letter on a motor car license.

There are brokers in New York who make big money on semi-bucket shop deals. They take money from outsiders and invest on quick turnovers. If they win they keep the profits. If they lose they are not interesting to the racketeers. There are other brokers who have dealt in undercover transactions and made killings. These are the men who become victims of the kidnapers.

The brokers couldn't afford to have the details of their business made public. So closely are they watched that when they make a killing it is known. They are kidnaped. And they pay the ransom demanded, usually half of the killing they have made.

Maharajah Daughter Opens London Shop

London.—Daughter of the maharajah of Burdwan, one of the richest rulers in India, Maharaj Komari Lolita Rani Devi of Burdwan, has opened a shop in the Berkeley Square district of London, where she sells Indian furniture, porcelain and embroidery.

She is the first Indian woman of rank to engage in any form of trade.

Man Skates 200,000 Miles in Three Years

Kirksville, Mo.—Asa Hall skated in to see his sister the other day. He skated all the way from Danville, Ill. But that wasn't much of a trip, for Hall last winter skated from Kansas City to New York in 71 days. During the last three years he has skated around 200,000 miles.

Bars Snakes

Fort Worth, Texas.—A temporary injunction restraining his wife, whom he is suing for divorce, from taking possession of "Bosco," a wild snake, has been granted here to Charles Best. "Bosco" is a carnival attraction.

INFANT DEATHS SHOW INCREASE

Health Association Reports Results of Study of 729 Cities.

New York.—In the rate of infant deaths, the year 1928 shows a slight increase over the year 1927, according to the report on infant mortality just issued by the American Child Health association. In the year 1927, the United States achieved the lowest rate ever recorded 64.9, and last year the figure 68.3 shows the second lowest rate. This means that for every 1,000 babies born alive, approximately 68 infants under one year of age died.

The report is based on the study of 729 cities with a population of 10,000 or more as recorded in the 1920 census. Seven hundred and nineteen of these cities lie in the birth and death registration areas and ten of them in the part of the country that has entered the death but not the birth registration area. They are scattered in 44 states and the District of Columbia, and, according to the last census, include a population of about 44,000,000 people.

Western Cities' Rates Lowest.

Of the cities having a population of 250,000 or more, Seattle, Wash., and Portland, Ore., tie with the lowest rate of 43. San Francisco runs a close second with a rate of 46. Of cities having a population between 100,000 and 250,000, Oakland, Calif., leads with a rate of 47, and is followed by Spokane, Wash., with a rate of 49; Des Moines, Iowa, and Cambridge, Mass., each with a rate of 53.

Berkeley, Calif., is first among cities having a population between 50,000 and 100,000, its rate being the very low figure of 31. In this group Union City, N. J., is second with a rate of 32, and Long Beach, Calif., is third with a rate of 38.

In the next population group of 25,000 to 50,000, Alameda, Calif., stands first with a rate of 25; Medford, Mass., shows a rate of 30; Oak Park, Ill., and Everett, Mass., have the rate of 31.

In the last population group—10,000 to 25,000—Holland, Mich., achieved the very low rate of 21; Braintree, Mass., 22, and Stonington, Conn., 24.

Table of Rates.

Though the lowest individual rates are recorded among the less populous cities, yet a comparison of the rates for the various population groups, considered as a whole, shows the lowest rates for the cities having the largest populations. The following table illustrates:

Population	Birth Registration Area. 1927	1928
More than 250,000	63.1	66.5
100,000-250,000	64.5	69.3
50,000-100,000	67.7	71.5
25,000- 50,000	65.3	67.2
10,000- 25,000	68.2	71.3

Ten large cities whose records are available as far back as 1916 were studied to see what decline in infant deaths had been in the last 12 years. The average rate of these cities in 1916 was 103, whereas in 1928 the average rate was 71. Translated into lives these figures mean that approximately 10,000 babies lived through their first year of life in 1928 who would have died in 1916.

The state of Nevada has been admitted in 1929. It is highly important that the three states not yet included in the birth and death registration areas should enter them as once. Not until then will the country really and accurately know its own birth and death rates. Without accurate knowledge of its birth and death rate a state is hampered in its study of the causes of mortality and its work of prevention.

NELLIE CAYUSE LOSES HER TREASURE OF BURIED GOLD

One-Hundred-Year-Old Klickitat Squaw Learns and Unlearns Thrift From Squirrels.

Goldendale, Wash.—Nellie Cayuse, whose one hundred years have left her wrinkled and bent, and one of the last of the onetime powerful Klickitat tribe, learned from the squirrels that she should provide for the future.

The gray diggers near her dilapidated shack put away weed and grass seeds, and wheat and barley from nearby fields.

Nellie Cayuse worked at odd jobs for her white women neighbors. The silver she exchanged for gold. The gold she buried beneath her cabin floor.

The gold, which she hoarded for nearly seventy-five years, had grown to about $100 by this time.

Squirrels, in rapidly expanding family circles, dug an addition to their home which took them beneath the shack. Powerful claws dislodged a tin can which contained the gold, and pushed it up through a loose floor board.

Dogs came digging after the squirrels. The can was dug out, the gold scattered about.

Neither dogs nor squirrels care for gold, but some person was agreeably surprised by the sight of eagles and double eagles strewn about the floor.

The intruder hurriedly scooped up the gold and fled.

Nellie sought the aid of the sheriff.

A current legend is that Jake Hunt and Skookum Wal-i-hee, departed chiefs of the Klickitat tribe, left caches of gold coin, not revealing the hiding places even on their death beds.

The theft of the old squaw's savings has added weight to the legends and a surreptitious hunt is on for the other treasure.

"Lindbergh Flight" in Music.

Baden-Baden.—One of the compositions making up the program of Baden-Baden's special "radio week" was the "Lindbergh Flight," composed jointly by Hindemith and Weill, with text by Brecht.

Tigers Spread Terror in Chinese Districts

Reading like the pages from some highly spiced jungle tale are the complaints made by villages to the north of the coastal city of Swatow. Ten Chinese have been eaten or badly mauled and one small girl knocked down and injured by man eating tigers in the thickly populated districts of the province. Tigers have been attacking in the daytime as well as at night, and measures to cope with the menace are being considered. Among these is a proposal that whole villages be organized to take up a trail. One tiger weighing 160 pounds was killed recently near Thongkhlang. Man-eating tigers have long been known to inhabit this area, but this is the first time they have become so bold as to be a menace to hundreds of villages.

YOU HAVE A DOCTOR'S WORD FOR THIS LAXATIVE

In 1875, an earnest young man began to practice medicine. As a family doctor, he saw the harm in harsh purgatives for constipation and began to search for something harmless to the sensitive bowels.

Out of his experience was born a famous prescription. He wrote it thousands of times. It proved an ideal laxative for old and young. As people saw how marvelously the most sluggish bowels are started and bad breath, headaches, feverishness, nausea, gas, poor appetite, and such disorders, are relieved by the prescription, it became necessary to put it up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It never varies from Dr. Caldwell's original effective and harmless formula. All drugstores have it.

Poor Painter

When Sir Austen Chamberlain was in Hollywood a pretty girl said to him at tea:

"Is it true, Sir Austen, that your colleague in the cabinet, Winston Churchill, goes in for art?"

"Churchill does dabble in oils," said Sir Austen—"landscapes, still life, that sort of thing."

"Is he any good?" the girl asked.

Sir Austen put his monocle in his eye.

"Well," he said, "he's not as bad as he has painted."

Cash for Inventions

If you have a good patent or pending patent for sale, write promptly American Patents Corporation, Dept. 7, Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.—Adv.

Engineering Feat

Moving a hill from the heart of a city, carrying it over streets without interfering with traffic, and dumping it from barges that turn turtle to empty themselves, is an interesting engineering task in progress at Seattle, Wash., says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The project involves the handling of approximately 4,500,000 cubic yards of earth and transporting it more than a mile to the bottom of Elliott bay.

Hot Air

A deafening report followed by a groan. The circus hands ran from all directions. Had a tent stay snapped or a cage fallen over? Perhaps some one had been shot. A crowd quickly gathered in a far corner of the tent. A form lay prostrate and silent on the ground. The India rubber man had had a blowout.

On Edge

"Do you object to shoppers who buy nothing?"

"Oh, no. It does no harm to keep the clerks in practice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue. Makes clothes snowy white. Get the genuine.—Adv.

Average man works from sun to sun, but a reformer's work is never done.

For Best Results in Home Dyeing

You can always give richer, deeper, more brilliant colors to faded or out-of-style dresses, hose, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and washing!

Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines money can buy. And it's the anilines that count! They are the very life of dyes.

Plenty of pure anilines make Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spotting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recommend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes.

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.

Superficial Flesh Wounds
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Or the Ribbon Counter

"These skirts are all too long. Haven't you anything else?'

"Sorry, lady; you might try the sash department, two aisles over."—Boston Transcript.

Kill Rats Without Poison
A New Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chicks

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains **no deadly poison.** K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. Large size (four times as much) $2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

K-R-O
KILLS-RATS-ONLY

STOP THAT COUGH
the safe easy way before worse troubles follow. Take
HALE'S HONEY
OF HOREHOUND AND TAR
The tried home remedy for breaking up colds, relieving throat troubles, healing and soothing—quick relief for coughing and hoarseness.
30c at all druggists
Use Pike's Toothache Drops.

BOILS
VANISH LIKE MAGIC
Carboil, a specialist's salve, stops pain instantly, and ripens and heals worst boil or carbuncle often overnight. Get Carboil today from druggist and laugh at boils. Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

WIN A BET!
A small bottle that you can lay down but no one else can without the secret. Price $1. Hastings Sales Co., 229 Prospect, Bellevue, Ky.

BECOME A HERBALIST. Wonderful opportunity for ambitious men and women. Correspondence course teaching value of herbs. Tells how to combine and use them. Scores of proven formula. Write **Dominion Herbal College, 18 West Hastings, Vancouver, Can.**

Tavern Lunch Room with mod. home, cor. main hiway near good town So. Calif. Terms. CENTRAL INV. CO. 3086 W. Pico Blvd. - - Los Angeles.

TRUCK & HAULING BUS, in So. Calif., town of 12,000; est. 9 yrs.; nets $400 mo. Investigate, CENTRAL INVESTMENT CO., 3086 W. Pico, Los Angeles.

Free List of Santa Cruz Ranch and Home Bargains and Santa Cruz Literature. This is the finest poultry, berry and bulb section in Calif. Wilson Bros., Santa Cruz, Calif.

CALIFORNIA FLOWER BEADS
Make fine Christmas presents. Buy wholesale direct from factory. Catalog free. **Mission Bead Co., Dept. X, Los Angeles, Calif.**

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 44--1929.

The Flying Tourist

The movement is gaining ground to have the name of every community painted on some conspicuous roof. This will be a great help to the motorist struck by a fast freight at the crossing.—Detroit News.

Read what
Will Rogers
writes about
LEVI STRAUSS OVERALLS

A New Pair **FREE** *If They Rip*
Ask your dealer for LEVI'S
Reliable Merchandise since 1853

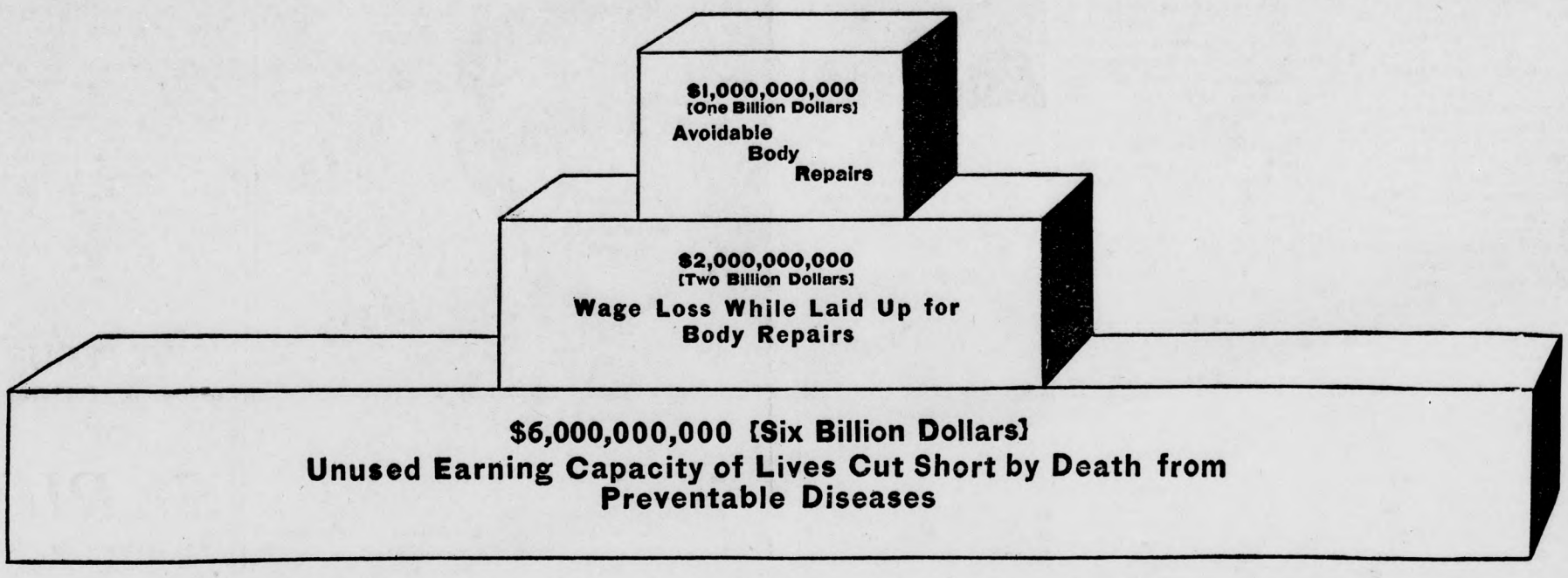
Bad Year for City Slickers, Says Rogers

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Say, our champion New York university team looked like Man o' War till that bunch of Oregon apple knockers got a hold of 'em this afternoon. It was no place for a raccoon coat athlete, up against an old bunch of wheat shockers whose college emblem is a pair of Levi overalls.

These old salmon giggers from the mouth of the Columbia had the city slickers strewn from goal to goal.

With Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and Al Smith goin down all in succession, it just looks like it's the old country boys year.

Yours, WILL ROGERS.



Health Is Wealth

There is wealth in health. Healthy towns are prosperous towns, and prosperous towns are healthy towns.

An army of trained men, working in every state in the Union, have quietly been gathering facts for years. They have conclusively proved that *community health and wealth go hand in hand.*

Would you like to know some of the facts these men brought to light?

They found that the conditions of the home and family living are the chief causes of health or sickness. Prosperous, sanitary, hygienic, happy homes are essential to healthfulness.

Sickness is the second main cause for charitable aid.

The average family spends about $100 a year for health. This covers doctor bills, hospitals, medicines and dental services.

Nine out of every ten persons are sick every year. This covers a range from slight accidents and indispositions to serious and prolonged cases. One week is the average period of sickness.

On the average, there is one doctor and one nurse for about every 750 people. There should be one hospital bed for every 160 people. Only about 5,000 people are necessary to support a hospital.

One dollar a person in the average community will support a good health department. Such a department should be in charge of a competent health officer.

Pure water, sewage and garbage removal must be provided. Sanitary inspection service of food and milk should be maintained. Control of preventable and communicable diseases is necessary. Sanitary schools with a health inspection service, health education, proper school heating, lighting and ventilation are essential.

Auxiliary health agencies such as the Red Cross, Anti-Tuberculosis Association, Visiting Nurse, Child and Infant Hygiene, Clinics (medical-dental), health publicity and educational work, general hospital facilities, and numerous others are all doing a necessary work and should be supported.

Periodical medical examinations disclose defects or conditions of importance. In one out of every four persons the length of life can be increased 25% and more by periodical examinations. Doctors have increased the average span of life about nine years. Your doctor and dentist would sooner help you keep well than try to cure you when you are sick.

Your druggist, your grocer, your butcher, your plumber, and, indeed, all your dealers are in their way educators in the art of healthful, sanitary and hygienic living.

By the use of their services and materials, you can be both healthier and more prosperous.

Proper living conditions are necessary to health. Health is necessary to prosperity. Health is wealth.

The illustration on this page shows an astounding yearly loss from sickness —from PREVENTABLE sickness. Let's talk it over with our neighbors and strive to prevent that part of the loss suffered by ourselves—by

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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Successor to Orchard City Drug Co.
PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
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"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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Special Attention to Ladies' Fine Garments
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Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

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Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

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Attorneys and Counselors
First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

LEGAL NOTICES

TAXES — 1929

Office of the TAX COLLECTOR, county of Santa Clara, State of California. San Jose, California, October 1, 1929.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the taxes for the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1929, and ending June 30, 1930, will become due and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, and one half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable Monday, October 21, 1929, and delinquent Monday, December 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M. when 10 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

Second Installment. The remaining one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable January 13, 1930, and delinquent April 28, 1930, at 5 o'clock P. M. when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax in one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in Campbell at the American Trust Company Bank on Monday, November 4, 1929, during banking hours, and at the Tax Collector's office in the Hall of Justice building, corner of St. James and Market streets, San Jose, California, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. to and including Monday, April 28, 1930.

The second installment is payable in the Tax Collector's office, San Jose.

THOMAS BODLEY,
Tax Collector of Santa Clara Cty.
(5 6 7 8 9 10)

FOR RENT—5 rm. cottage, bath and garage. Newly decorated inside. 56 No. First St., inquire E. E. Sower's shoe shop.

FOR SALE—Very reasonable, 44-inch round oak extension table. Phone Campbell 20-F-4.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira McConnell and family arrived home last week from Tahoe, where Ira has been on a tree surgery job with Freeman Duncan for several months.

—c—

Mr. and Mrs. George Parso were visiting with friends in Redwood City Thursday. They spent Friday in Oakland.

Campbell Union High School Notes

The Girls' League of the Campbell Union High school will have charge of this column and will fill it with news written by the students to let the people of Campbell know that our school is on the map and has some pep. Reporters have been appointed in each organization to report to the editor-in-chief and her assistant. They are:

Editor-in-Chief ..... Helen Buck
Assistant ..... Ruth Bollinger
Senior Reporter .... Vesta Anderson
Junior Reporter .... Muriel Crothers
High Soph ..... Mary Jackson
Low Soph ..... Dorothea Willis
High Frosh ..... Daphne Marden
Low Frosh ..... Idell Fulton
Girl's League ..... Ruth Lydell

HI HAS BANKING SYSTEM

The American Trust company has organized a banking system in the schools of the state, and Campbell high has joined the ranks, Miss Johnson, the supervisor having come out to talk to us about the system.

The general manager in our school is John Portera and his secretary is Roberta Thomas.

Each first period class has a teller. The tellers are, Roberta Thomas, Ernie Rodgers, Helen Gartner, Lola Rhoten, Ida Frank, Harry Johnson, Harold Freitas, Bruce Cooper, Robert Pryor, Arthur Deviot, Katherine Moon and Harriet Johnston.

There is a banner awarded each week to the class making the most deposits. This banner has twice to Miss Howe's physical education class, once to Mr. Cutting's algebra class, and once to Miss Boesch's chemistry class.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PLANS NOVEL "THANKS" ENTERTAINMENT

Wednesday, Nov. 20, the Girls' League of the high school will render a program in commemoration of Thanksgiving in the main assembly room of the school.

Mr. Thiltgen's glee club, composed of Campbell high girls, will render the opening number of the program, after which the presentation of a one-act play entitled "The Three Thanksgivings" will be offered by the League.

Advisory work and coaching for the play are in charge of Mrs. Rae, assisted by Sylvia Rhoten.

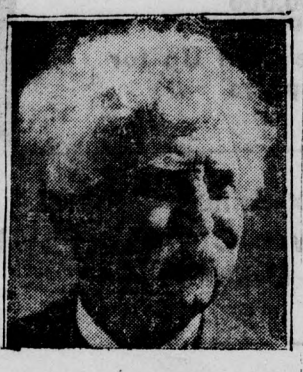
BASKETBALL

Wednesday afternoon Campbell 110's played the San Jose 110's. The game was played on the home field, but even then we were defeated by a score of 7-6. One casualty marked the battle, Dan Furtado spraining his ankle. The game was divided into two groups of players, both coaches agreeing to play one group the first half and another the second half. Playing for Campbell were Furtado, De Selle, Stojanovich Hughes and Beer in the first half and Manysu, Lea, Compton, Mammini and Fisci in the second.

Friday the 110 pound team met Santa Clara. The game was very exciting, no one being able to tell from the position of the ball which side would make a basket. Our boys put up a brave battel but they lacked the support of Dan Furtado, which probably led to the score of 10-13 in favor of Santa Clara.

The players for Campbell were DeSelle, Hall, Stojanovich, Beer and Hughes. Lea substituted for Hall and Mammini for Hughes.

Geraldine Farrar, noted opera star and concert singer, announced at Ridgefield, Conn., that she plans to retire from the stage on her 50th birthday, Feb. 28, 1932.



William L.Rigdon, poet of Topeka not only has features like those of Mark Twain, but duplicates the famous humorist in his expression and manner of speech.

Isabel Bennet Forsman of New York married Carl A. Forsman on a bet made during a gay party. Now she asks annulment.

A. A. Purmort has returned from Anoka, Minn., where he put in the summer visiting friends and relatives.

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

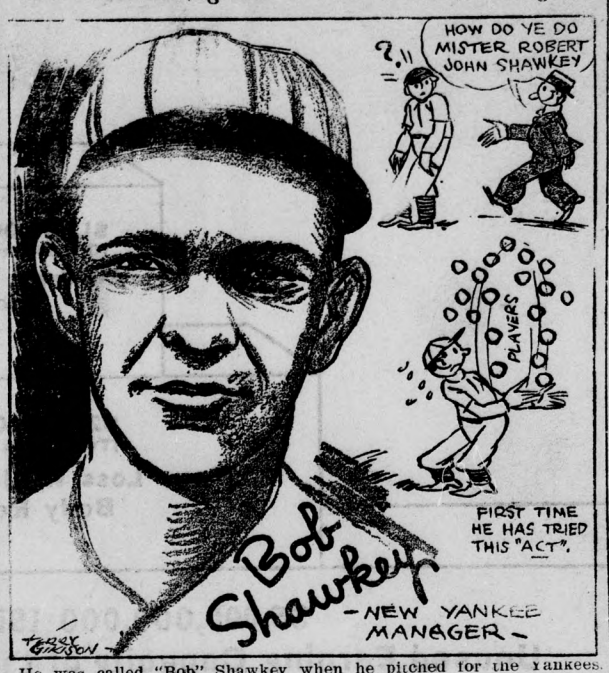
All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Consumer Gets Benefit of all Discounts
We want your business, ask your confidence, and assure the best of treatment

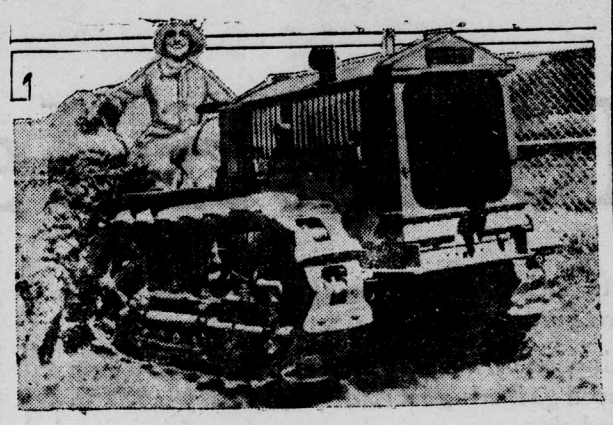
Local Agents for the New General Electric Refrigerator

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 113

Former Pitching Star Is New Yankee Manager



He was called "Bob" Shawkey when he pitched for the Yankees. Now he's been named successor of the late Miller Huggins as manager of the Yankees, and more than likely it will be Robert John Shawkey in the future. Colonel Ruppert, in announcing the appointment, said Huggins himself had recommended Shawkey as a possible successor.



Amelita Galli-Curci, famous opera prima donna, shown seated on the tractor she owns and uses on her estate, "Sul Monte," near Highmount, N. Y.

As considerate as a guest in your Home

When the man calls at your home to install a telephone, you can expect him to be intelligently alert to your wishes. He wants to comply with your ideas of convenience and location, and to give you the best arrangement possible for good telephone service. He has had wide experience and perhaps can help you decide on matters of location. And he can tell you about intercommunicating and buzzer systems, and the many new telephone conveniences that may have escaped your attention.

Telephone men who are authorized to answer your call for service bear cards of identification. These are to protect you against unauthorized callers.

The men who meet our customers as representatives of this company are gentlemen. They know the importance of leaving your woodwork unmarred, walls free from the touch of hands, and floor free from litter. You can rely on them to be thoughtful.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

UNION

(Continued from Page 4)

the daughter of Mrs. Whitford, who enjoyed having her daughter with her this summer.

(Items Ommitted Last Week)

Mrs. Robert Johnson of San Jose gave a most delightful Hallowe'en party, four tables of progressive whist the object, last week. Prizes were awarded Mr. and Mrs. Gleason of San Mateo. Delicious refreshments were served at a late hour. The Hallowe'en motiff was carried out with black cats, witches, pumpkins, bats, all in orange and black. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Graham, Mrs. Emma Main, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Correthus, Albert Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson.

GIVE YOUR PEN A DRINK OF
SKRIP
The Successor to ink
Smith's

Non-skid Safety - - season after season

WITH the DUAL-Balloon you can face many seasons of slippery weather with a new feeling of security. It is a tire that will not go prematurely "bald." Long past the point where you would expect to be running on "bald headed" tires, the DUAL-Balloon will give you the full protection so important in this age of traffic emergencies. Guarantees that depend upon the user's running out a great part of the mileage on smooth rubber are poor insurance.

With rubber prices going up why take chances of paying more later on when you can buy tires now that will still be good when NEXT year rolls around.

Haliwell & Jones
"Opposite Schools"
CAMPBELL, CALIF.

The New GENERAL Dual-Balloon 8

Let us tell you how to get the DUAL-Balloon "8" on your New Car

PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — By Terry Gilkison